'Tis better burne the Cloysters downe,
then leaue them for offending.
But holy you, to you I speake,
to you religious deuill,
Is this the presse that holds the summe,
to quit you for your euill
Nun. I cry *peccaui, parce me,*
good sir I was beguil'd.
Fr. Absolue sir for charitie,
she would be reconcil'd.
Phil. And so I shall, sirs bind them fast,
This is their absolution,
go hang them vp for hurting them,
Hast them to execution.
Fr. Laurence. O tempus edax rerum,
Giue children bookes they teare them.
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waining *ætatis*,
At threescore welneere, to goe to this geere,
To my conscience a clog, to die like a dog.
Exaudi me Domine, si vis me parce
Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam.
To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
A hundred pound sterling, for my liues sparing.

Enter Peter *a Prophet, with people.*

Pet. Hoe, who is here? St. *Francis* be your speed,
Come in my flocke, and follow me,
your fortunes I will reed.
Come hither boy, goe get thee home,
and clime not ouer hie,
For from aloft thy fortune stands, in hazard thou shalt die.
Boy. God be with you *Peter*, I pray you come to our house a Sunday.
Pet. My boy shew me thy hand, blesse thee my boy,
For in thy palme I see a many troubles are y bent to dwell,
But thou shalt scape them all, and doe full well.

Boy.

Boy, I thanke you *Peter*, there's a c
my sister prayes you to come home, a
husbands she shall haue, and shee'l giue
Pet. My masters, stay at the towns
to you all anone: I must dispatch some
er, and then Ile read your fortunes.
Phil. How now, a Prophet! sir Prop
Pet. I am of the world and in the w
others, by the world: what I am I know
be I know. If thou knowest me now, b
enquire no more what I am.
Phil. Sir, I know you will be a diss
deludes the people with blinde proph
looke for, you shall away with me, bring
and you Frier *Laurence*, remember yo
dred pound, and a pardon for your selfe
on sir prophet, you shall with me, to re
ward.

Enter Hubert de Burgh *with*
Hub. My masters, I haue shewed
I haue for this attempt; I perceiue by
nances you had rather be otherwise em
owne part, I would the King had mad
ther executioner: only this is my comfo
maunds, whose precepts neglected or o
torture for the default Therefore in brie
ready to attend the aduenture: stay wi
when you heare me crie, *God saue the K*
forth, lay hands on *Arthur*, set him in th
(once fast bound) leane him with me to
Attendants, We goe, though loath.
Hub. My Lord, will it please your Ho
nefit of the faire euening?

Enter Arthur *to* Hubert de
Arthur, Gramercie *Hubert* for thy c

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)